

THE DENTAL DIGEST

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A VACATION AFLOAT

By E. S. ULSAVER, D.D.S., NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.

If you have been brought up inland, and do not know the putt-putt of a gasoline engine from the starboard main sheet, you will be in position to appreciate some of my experiences when I moved to the effete East and found that one of my friends had aspirations as an amateur yachtsman. That would have been well enough if he hadn't aspired to make one of me. I'll spare you the story of what he suffered during the period of his efforts. I really don't care so much about that, because he brought it all on himself. But what he brought on me was a caution.

The real bred-in-the-bone amateur yachtsman reaches a stage of exhilaration as "fitting out time" approaches. There must be some sort of enchantment about this, for while he revelled in the joy of it, it appeared to me like a period of rather monotonous work, much of which seemed wholly unnecessary. But finally the boat was overboard, and we were ready to "try her out." I'll skip the experiences of our first summer, in which we made the trip from New York to Providence, R. I., and back, and tell you something of a



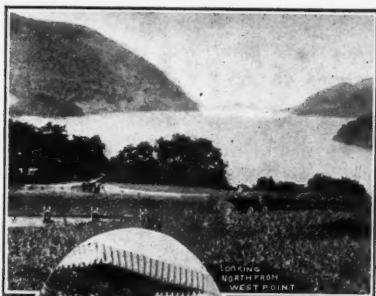


cruise which anyone with a much smaller power boat can make with safety and pleasure.

First, a little about the boat. If you like power boats, you will think well of her. A 40-foot seagoing knockabout, built in the days when solid construction was the thing, had been stripped of her mast and rigging, a 10-horsepower Globe engine had been installed, and a cabin 26 feet long and 10 feet wide had been built, giving fine headroom all over its dimensions. There were the usual accommodations, with much more than usual amount of room. We slept seven people on this trip, and could seat eight comfortably at table.

We finally got away, with the owner and wife and boy, and my wife and myself aboard. We ran down Long Island Sound, through Hell Gate and the Harlem River, and turned up into the historic and beautiful Hudson River. If you want to see the Hudson properly, do it from the deck of a slow-moving boat. I have been over it and along it many times in fast boats and trains, but I never got its beauty as I did from the deck of our little craft which moved along about six miles an hour.

Our first stop was at Tarrytown, N. Y. If you are ever along that way, stop at Tarrytown, because you will find one of the most open-hearted group of yachtsmen that you'll ever come across. It is at this point that André was captured, and, of course, we went up to see the



André monument. An immense amount of sentiment has been wasted over this man. He was young and good-looking, but he was the man who, under General Howe, conducted all the negotiations for the sale, by Arnold, of West Point, and probably of American independence.

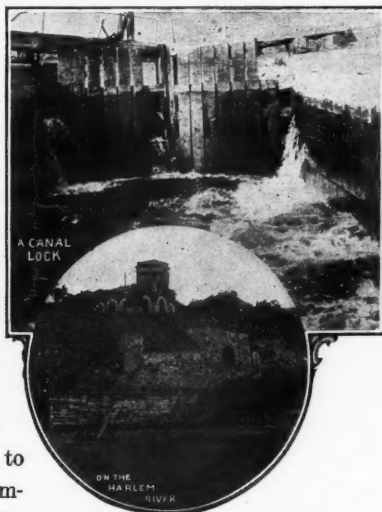
Soon after leaving Tarrytown, we came to another point of great interest to every American who follows the course of Arnold's treason. The story of this point is but little known, but here two American farmer boys played a part in the detection of Arnold and the capture of André which has never been generally recognized.

When the British sloop of war *Vulture* carried André up the Hudson, she dropped anchor off Verplanck's Point. André went ashore and met Arnold in the undergrowth,

André, contrary to his expectations, was induced to go to West Point, instead of concluding the treasonable negotiations then and there. The *Vulture* awaited his return.

Two farmer boys, named Sherwood, I believe, were ploughing in the fields nearby. They believed they could do some damage to the *Vulture*, which was their enemy. Getting their guns, they crouched among the boulders on the shore, and picked off several men from the *Vulture's* deck. The situation became serious for the British, and the *Vulture* fired some of her guns at these troublesome farmers. This aroused the entire countryside. Farmers and militia rallied to the attack. The *Vulture* was compelled to move to another anchorage.

It became impossible for her to take André back aboard. He was com-



pelled to return by land, was captured and the treason detected in time to prevent the ruinous effect it might have had.

Our trip taken thus slowly was delightful. At West Point and Newburgh we made trips ashore and saw many interesting historical places and relics, the description of which would have taken too much time. Sad to relate, the Beverly House, where Arnold and André conducted their negotiations, was burned down a few years ago and could not be visited.

We spent a day at Poughkeepsie, and came near spending more time there, for it is a peculiarity of the river bottom at the yacht anchorage, that anchors will not hold, and we were compelled to cross the river to find good holding grounds. Here we fouled a big anchor which had been down for years, and came near having to leave our "ground tackle," as I believe real sailor men call it. The morning's work which it required to get us loose was certainly a violent corrective of dental office work.

Some of the real delights of the trip have not, so far, been mentioned. We had taken aboard two friends at Tarrytown, a man and his wife, so that, counting the boy, we were seven in number, not to mention the dog. We were all old friends and formality was dispensed with. Old clothes were strictly the order of the day, and we men abbreviated our upper vestments to the informal garb of summer sweaters. "Boiled shirts," dress suits, and office regalia were completely forgotten.

I should have mentioned that one of the pleasures of our trip was the evening "dip." It wasn't to be expected that an inland sailor like myself should be much of a swimmer. But our boat contained, as part of its safety equipment, some big life rings, and hanging to one of these I couldn't sink. So I had my dip with the others. The first time I jumped off the top of the house, I think I must have left my heart and stomach behind; at least it felt that way. But I soon found myself on top of the water, safely supported, and free to paddle around as much as I liked. Thereafter my dip was a source of the keenest pleasure to me.

Our destination was Lake Champlain. There are probably few more beautiful boat trips in this part of the country than that through the 65-mile canal from the Hudson River to Whitehall, the entrance to the lake. Sometimes the canal is above the surrounding country; sometimes it is below. Sometimes the wind blows and sometimes it doesn't. Sometimes you are put out of your course by a string of canal boats, or are held up at a lock by the same cause.

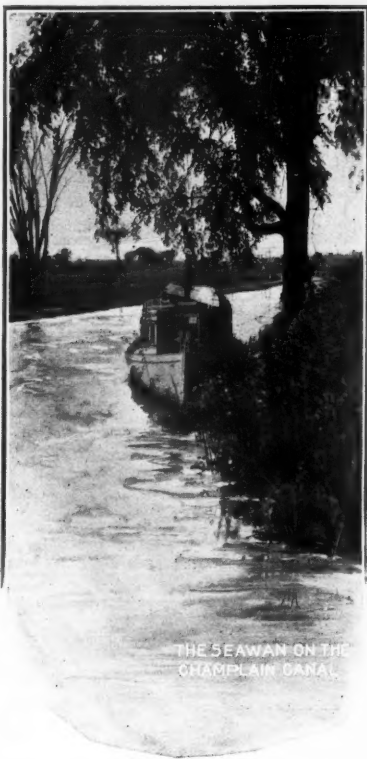
But it is all fun. It is all outdoors. It is all nerve and health building.

And talk about sleeping! There may be other places where the sleep is of equal quality; but after I had played Big Boss to the engine all day, had sunbathed during the hours when "she was running right," and had eaten three meals that would do credit to a farmer, I could "turn in" at eight p. m. and sleep until daylight that sleep which, it is said, only the just are supposed to enjoy.

When we go into the canal, we struck what we still called "the chicken country." Here we got fine, yellow-legged chickens, fresh from the yards. My mother never believed I would make much of a mark in this world, but I have disappointed her, for I helped pick and eat so many chickens that the feathers and bones made an almost continuous line from the entrance to the canal to the lower part of the river on our way back. We had expert cooks aboard. And if you love fried chicken, rich and brown, served with hot biscuits that melt in your mouth, you should have been along.

We had many delightful days, with some of the usual troubles of people who do these things. We learned a lot of history more nearly first-hand than is usual. We returned to New York hale, hearty, and brown, rebuilt physically for another year of indoor confinement.

And we still live over and over again the experiences of this trip. May it be your pleasure to have one like it.



THE SEAWAN ON THE
CHAMPLAIN CANAL

*The roads, the woods, the heavens, the hills
Are not a world to-day,
But just a place God made for us
In which to play.*

REST HUNTING

BY W. F. DAVIS, D.M.D., NEW YORK CITY

"Who steals my purse, steals trash;
But whatever filches from me years of my life,
Robs me of that which enriches no one,
And makes me poor indeed."—SHAKESPEARE (Slightly adapted).



Harvey

'A Host he was, genial, wise and kind'

Ho! You dweller in the walled city; you man with the frazzled nerves; you victim of overwork and worry. Come with me. Let us go to the wilds, where Nature reigns supreme; where the air is charged with ozone, with life and health; where the days are days of complete freedom from work and worry; where the nights are times of sweet, restful sleep. Do not tell me you "cannot afford it." "All that a man hath, that will he give for his life." You may make a fortune, lose it, and make another. If by constant hard work and worry you take a year from your life, no amount of subsequent effort can replace it. You cannot, even by the most liberal expenditure of money, buy that year back. By your own foolishness a year has been lost, irrecoverably lost. Think of it! A whole year—52 weeks. Maybe you've lost more than a year. Don't lose any more. Take a vacation. Where? Anywhere. There are thousands of places. I'll tell you about one. To me it seems pretty nearly ideal, because it combines a complete change of surroundings and conditions, perfect rest from noise and bustle, a chance to live near unadorned nature and to breathe the sweet, pure air that nature intended us to breathe, but that we seldom get.

Across the great State of New York to Rochester and its port, Charlotte. Thence across Lake Ontario to Port Hope. From Port Hope by rail to Lindsay. At Lindsay we take a very, very small steamboat up the Trent River. We know it is a steamboat because we went down below and saw the engine and boilers. Our little boat goes puffing up the sluggish Trent River, disturbing the big herons and the silence.

Sometimes a heron deigns to take enough notice of us to painfully and laboriously fly away. Usually the heron unlimbers a few feet of his neck, takes a casual look at the intruder, but doesn't even put his second foot in the water. The boat puffs into the mouth of the Trent Valley canal at the little village of Bobcaygeon, commonly called "Cayjin" by the inhabitants. The first to greet us are Harvey, the village hotel keeper, and Jack, our guide. Our limited baggage is piled into Jack's boat, and he rows us down the river, and up Pigeon Lake to the "cottage" that is to be our



Jack

"Thou wert my guide, philosopher and friend."—Pope

home for the next month. On the way up we get out our rods and troll for bass. We land two nice bass and a six-pound maskinonge, "lunge" for short. Two miles up the lake is the cottage, plain but tight, and, oh, so comfortable, after the city boxlike flats. A large living-room takes all the body of the cottage; two smaller sleeping rooms, one on each side of the main room, with two cots in each, and a lean-to

kitchen in the rear.

It's a downright solid comfort place. We lug the baggage from the boat to the cottage, only a few steps, while Jack is cooking supper. The supper is the bass, half an hour ago in the water, fried with some salt pork, fried potatoes, bread and butter, and a bottle of ale. How good it



Our cottage

all tastes. No table d'hôte about this. After supper, Jack cleans up and washes the dishes. We sit on the veranda and look out at the lake. We don't care to even talk. We are absolutely care free. We have forgotten business, our patients, our worries, everything except the beauty and calm about us, and that we are on our vacation. Our cottage sets about forty feet from, and ten feet above, Pigeon Lake, one of the most beautiful little lakes in Ontario. The lake stretches out in front, under the setting sun a sheet of burnished silver. Midway in the lake is Big Island, where a wealthy lumberman is experimenting with a new breed of cattle, half buffalo and half ordinary beef cattle. Back of our cot-

tage is the wooded hill.



A Fish Dinner, with Hunger Sauce

What medicines for a tired body and brain they are; the calm, the quiet, the peace. An Indian goes down the lake to the village, his canoe slipping noiselessly through the silvery water. Fish are lazily breaking, not far from the shore, snapping at flies on the surface. One, in front of our cottage, is especially persist-

ent. "Say, Doc," remarks my companion, "go down and catch that sun-fish. He disturbs me." After some argument, I take my rod, catch a grasshopper for bait, step from one rock near the shore to another a little further out, and cast for the "sun-fish." The grasshopper hardly strikes the water before there is a swirl, a splash, a tug at my rod that causes me to lose my balance and slip off the rock and I am waist deep in the lake, still hanging to my rod, but with a mighty lively bass fighting for possession. The guide and my friend on the veranda are convulsed with laughter, between convulsions volunteering all sorts of advice. It was a very pretty fight, but I won, and waded to the shore with my captive, a 2½ pound small mouth bass. That incident winds up our first evening.

We take to our cots and to sleep. And such sleep! Where else is there such silence as in the woods! Seems as though one could feel



The Hermit of Eel Creek

it. Once in a while a bird gives a sleepy twitter, and once in a while a loon on the lake sends out its mournful call. That's all. No rattle of street cars, no shrieks of whistles, no chug-chug of autos, no rattle of traffic, no noise of any kind. Sleep! Such sleep is sweet oblivion.

We wake early in the morning. People in the woods always wake early. The squirrels and blackbirds have been running about on the roof; a groundhog, whose home is under the cottage, has been making a tour of investigation about the kitchen door, and all nature is wide awake.

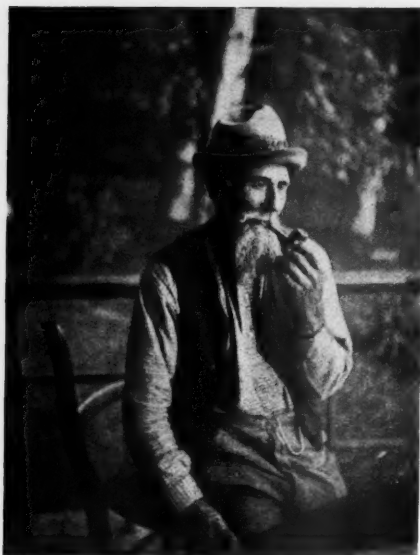
We jump from our cots with a whoop and rush for the lake. A dash into its pure, cold water, a little swim, a rub-down with a coarse towel, and we rush in for breakfast. Jack has it all ready. Flapjacks, fried fish, bacon, boiled potatoes, and coffee. Do we complain of lack of appetite? Not much. Our conversation runs thusly: "Why didn't you fry more fish, Jack," "Pass those potatoes again," "How about another cup of coffee?"

Then for the day's program: We get out the boat, pack in whatever is wanted for the day, and away we go. Jack takes us where he likes. We cast for bass or we troll for "lunge." Most always we have luck; sometimes we do not. It's all the same to us. We are on a vacation. We are drinking our fill of the pure air, just as it comes from Nature's laboratory. We haven't any appointment book with us. We have shed all superfluous clothing, and all society manners. All we want is enough to eat, a good place to sleep, the pure air, the great silence, the beautiful lakes and their shores, and, most of all, rest. And we get it.

At noon, a lunch on one of the little islands, or on the shore. Jack builds a fire, cooks fish, potatoes, etc. We eat to repletion, lie on the



Habitation of The Hermit of Eel Creek



Uncle Jimmie

grass, tell stories, chaff each other, or, may be, go to sleep. Then to the boat again. About sundown we are at the cottage again, tired and hungry. The "tired feeling" is a real physical tired, no brain fag about it. And the hunger! Well, you ought to hear us clamoring for something to eat, and when we get it how we enjoy the simple fare. Then another lazy twilight and to sweet refreshing sleep. Sometimes, when the nights are warm, we roll ourselves in our blankets and sleep under the stars. Truly, Longfellow was thinking of such a place when he wrote:

"And the night shall be filled with sweet slumber,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

This is only a sample day. There are other days. No two days are alike. Never have any cut-and-dried program, when you are on a vacation. Some days we fish, some days we don't. We follow our own inclination. Some days we visit other lakes in the chain, Ball Lake—a perfect little gem of a lake—Sturgeon Lake, Stony Lake, Sand Lake.

Some days we



Uncle Jimmie's abiding place

"Minds innocent and quiet,
Take that for an hermitage."—Lovelace.

visit other campers down the lakes or some of the "Hermits," of whom there are several along the shores. They are mostly men past middle age, who prefer the freedom and solitude of the lakes and woods to the more populous habitations of men. One day we take a trip to the Indian Village. Some days we do not care to fish. We "loaf." We are contented. As Lowell says in "Hosea Bigelow:"



The Big Fish, High Line for the Year. A Maskinonge weighing 42 pounds, 48 inches long

"Under the yaller pines
I house,
Where sunshine makes
'em all sweet-scented;
An' hear among their
furry boughs
The baskin' west winds
purr contented."

One day we catch
"The Big Fish," a
42-pound "'lunge."
That was a day to
mark with a white
stone. We take the
big fellow down to
the little village, and
we are the lions of
the day, and it is
Orangemen's day at
that. Our guide is
the proudest man in
the township. Just
here a word about
guides. A guide can
make or mar a vaca-
tion. Our guide was

a husky North-of-Ireland man, sober, sensible, intelligent, and he knew his business. He was a companion as well as a guide. Whatever else you do, get a good guide, if you get any. A poor guide is worse than useless.

In our cottage, "business" is under a strict "taboo." It is not to be mentioned, or even thought of. Personal appearance goes for nothing. Comfort is the great desideratum. At the end of the first three days we are burned to the color of a raw beefsteak. After three weeks we are a nice, sugar-cured ham color. In a civilized community we should be arrested as dangerous tramps, if we appeared in our camp outfit, with our camp color. But what care we? Our cottage is miles

from civilization, and is only accessible by water. And we are glad of it. I could go on, and on, and write pages and pages about vacations in general and this vacation in particular, but there isn't room. This is only a sample vacation. One of several spent in this self-same spot.

No matter where you go, as long as you take a rest from the terrible treadmill of business. Life is short enough at best. Every year, every month, every day, is precious. A month's vacation in every twelve months will unquestionably add years to your life.

Why struggle to accumulate wealth at the expense of your health? You can only live a little while, at best, and when you die, your money remains behind. If you have children, educate them, and let them make their way as you have done. Carry enough insurance to protect those dependent.

Above all, protect your health, conserve your energy; don't work "on your nerves." Remember, the health of a dentist is his capital. No good business man impairs his original capital except in case of direst need. If he does draw from his original capital he returns what he has drawn out at the earliest opportunity. If your health is your capital, see that it is not permanently impaired. To be a financial bankrupt is unpleasant; to be bankrupt of health is the direst catastrophe that can come to a professional man. See to it that you take vacations enough to keep your health capital unimpaired.

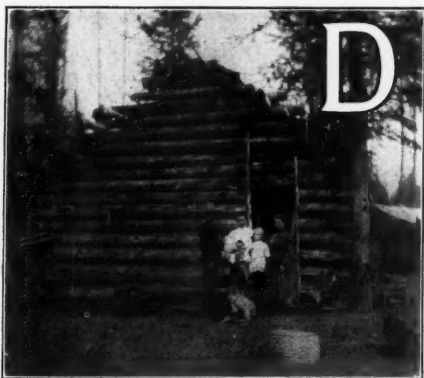
Looking at the matter from a strictly financial standpoint: You are a dentist with a good practice; you work all the time under a stress; your work, even at its best, is nerve-racking, brain-tiring; you become nervous, irritable, and worried. You cannot do your best work because you are tired; you are quite likely to offend good patients because you are irritable.

Here is where a month of vacation fits in. After the rest, you come back with a fresh, live interest in your work. You do more work and better work. Your nerves are quieted. You look at your patients as friends, not as enemies. You enjoy your work instead of hating it. You can make more money in eleven months of work, with one month vacation, than you can in twelve months of steady, grinding work. If you don't believe it, try the experiment.



HOW I ENJOY VACATION

BY H. F. HUGHES, D.D.S., IONE, WASH.



Tamaree Lodge.

D ID you ever try homesteading? Homesteading for a vacation? Homesteading on the Little Pond D'O'Reille Lakes? Well, I did, and enjoyed it, too.

In 1905 I took up a homestead on unsurveyed land alongside of a small, unnamed lake, carried my provisions on my back fourteen miles over a rough trail part of the way, and part of the way there was no trail. Did

you say hardships? Well, some. Still the pleasure I got overbalanced the "pain."

I built my own mansion, as the accompanying picture will show. Was I proud of my achievement? Say, did you ever try anything but dentistry? If not, try building a castle such as mine.

The next year I had a wagon road to the homestead, (which I named Tamaree Lodge). Did most of the work myself. Of course, I took half days off quite frequently and had good shooting. (Enclosed picture shows the author after a slight attack of triggerfingeritis.)

Some of the wise ones will say, "pshaw, killed out of season." It was in July, but we needed fresh meat.



After a slight attack of triggerfingeritis.

Then the surveyors came next year, and we had our claims straightened out as they should be. I stocked the lake with rainbow trout, and our lake received the beautiful and euphonious name of Lake Leo; we got a boat and began to enjoy life, as every mortal should.

Do I catch any trout? Boys, oh boys, come out in June, and I'll show you big shiny fellows, from a pound to seven pounds apiece.

There are seven lakes in the Little Pond D'O'Reille chain, and there is good fishing in all of them. The largest is Lake Thomas, of which the picture below shows the upper end.

This year I will have my own private fish pond, and can guarantee fish for dinner every day of the year.

How do "I" get there? Come to Ione, Wash., and inquire for "Doe" Hughes. If not in town the livery man will take you out.

Do I enjoy vacation? The wail of the wild-eyed lumber Jack when you fasten onto an aching molar isn't to be compared to the whistle of the affrighted buck for real enjoyment.



Upper end of Lake Thomas.

TRANSGRESSION

*I meant to do my work to-day,—
But a brown bird sang in the apple-tree,
And a butterfly flitted across the field,
And all the leaves were calling me.*

*And the wind went sighing over the land,
Tossing the grasses to and fro,
And a rainbow held out its shining hand—
So what could I do but laugh and go?*

—RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, in *Harper's Magazine* for June.

A VACATION ON YOUR OWN PROPERTY

BY A. E. ANDERSON, D.D.S., PEEKSKILL, N. Y.

If you belong to that class of people who cannot enjoy a vacation unless they are being kowtowed to by the attendants at a fashionable



The family automobile.

hotel in the mountains or by the sea, you will not be interested in the vacation I am about to describe. On the other hand, if you are a lover of nature, and not afraid of roughing it, nor of simple, good food in large doses (for you will be hungry), you may get some ideas here.

We bought three acres of woodland on the shore of a little lake, about fifteen miles from town, and built a pine shanty, with tar-paper roof, containing four rooms and having a rustic porch. Though not elaborate, our "bungalow" is warm and dry, and possesses the advantage of being inexpensive. If you could get a man to help you three days, and can saw a board and drive a nail, you can build one like it for one hundred and fifty dollars.

Our shanty displayed such an attractive exterior that a man from New York gave us enough for a fifty-foot lot on the lake to nearly pay for our whole plot. He now has a bungalow of his own, and his family adds much to the pleasure of our stay in camp.

We cut out work for two weeks, and on Saturday morning we started with a three-seated stage, hired



The gas-engine doctor.

from a local livery, piled with all our "necessities," from a case of root beer to a bull terrier pup.



And she baited her own hook.

The drive in the early morning was exhilarating, and long before noon we had covered the fifteen miles and reached the wooded shores of the little lake, where our bungalow welcomed us with boarded-up windows and rooms filled with various articles, from a fishing boat to a mouse nest.

By the time these had been put in their places, the boat in the water and the nest in the fire, etc., we were ready to partake of the sandwiches and root beer we had brought for our lunch.

Then there were small purchases to be made at the village a mile away, water to be brought from the spring, ice to be got from the farm

across the lake and placed in a dry-goods box sunk in the ground, which, by the way, makes an excellent refrigerator.

So this first day was spent, and when the indoor man gets to bed after such an out-of-door day, there is no question of insomnia.

Sunday, however, holds no harder task than dressing in shirt, trousers and shoes (which is all you need in camp), getting the milk from across the lake, putting up hammocks and helping with the meals.



Three and ———.

There is a dock, with one end floating on two empty gasoline barrels, the other tied securely to shore. From this we all take our daily dip, and one of our party learned to swim in three days by tumbling off into water four feet deep.

The dog is not satisfied with a "daily dip," but insists on spending two-thirds of his vacation in the water, where he works frantically to bring to shore every floating object, including the buoy to which we fasten the motor boat. Several times, when rising from a long dive, I have found him grasping my hair preparatory to hauling me bodily ashore.

Of course we fish!

We dig worms along the wood road, and, with these and frogs for bait, we catch all kinds, from the little "sun-nies" to the large four and five pound bass that live up near the inlet among the stumps. Mother was much delighted with her first fish, and we hope some day to see her handling a four-pounder.

A twenty-two calibre repeater and some targets furnish no end of fun, and can be enjoyed by the ladies of the party, as well as the gentlemen. It might be of interest to note here that many of the world's cleverest marksmen are dentists.

Rainy days will happen in the best-planned vacation, so the writer would advise a pack of cards, a few good books and several dozen ears of popcorn, with a popper, among the luggage.

The motor boat partakes of the nature of both a necessity and a luxury. With it we do our errands around the lake, meet guests down near the road, tow the fishing boat out to the likely places to anchor, and when the children arrange a carnival for all the boats in camp, decorated with colored lanterns, the launch is the power that moves the whole string several times around the lake, much to the delight of the young occupants.

So the two weeks pass, each day bringing its own suggestions as to amusement, and, as the time for returning to work approaches, we feel that we have really *gained* something from this beautiful little body of water and its surroundings, and while we may have worked in a sense here, we have been back to nature, have rested, and, best of all, can enjoy the feeling that the dentist need not work nights and Sundays for six months in order to catch up with the vacation-wrecked bank account.



Don't you wish you were with us?

A VACATION IN THE GEORGIAN BAY REGION

By E. L. PETTIBONE, D.D.S., CLEVELAND, O.*



Real freedom.

THE DIGEST's first vacation articles convinced us of the value and necessity of a vacation for every dentist, so we have tried to study the vacation question, and to bring it down to a scientific and business basis, as we try to do with our practice of dentistry.

We believe that every dentist should allow himself at least two weeks' vacation, that is, complete relaxation, exclusive of time going and returning.

Our party last year—three dentists and one physician—gave us an advantage over an all-dentist party, in that we would not talk shop so much and yet we all had many things in common.

We greatly believe in Georgian Bay region as a place for our vacations, because it is within a day's ride from nearly all Eastern cities, and the weather in the middle of August is simply ideal, while the bass fishing is at its best. We know of nothing in the world so invigorating as the pull of a fair-sized, little-mouthed black bass. And the play and landing of a three or three and a half pounder will improve one's mental as well as muscular condition and clear out the cobwebs one gets in the confines of his



"I've got a bite."



Hooking big ones.

* Dr. Pettibone would be glad to correspond with any dentist who would like to join his party this August.



"Honest, I caught them."

office and its duties during the rest of the year.

The daily noon-day meal, cooked out upon the rocks, the rowing of the boat, and the cranking of the "putter," and the "early to bed," all help to put color in one's cheeks. The air is cool, with an almost constant breeze, especially toward evening, and one finds himself constantly trying to breathe a little more of it and a little deeper down. You can't help it. That clear, clean, cool, invigorating air does a lot to counteract the foul, germ-laden air that every dentist breathes throughout the year.

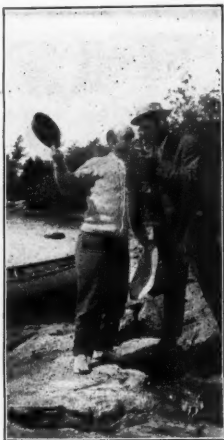
Those meals you help to cook out on the rocks at midday help to make you forget the ones you have had at noon at the dairy lunch, when you were hurrying back to the office because you had worked a little longer on your last patient. Even rowing the boat, lifting anchor or cranking the motor boat help to make up for loss of exercise during the year, when you rode to the office because it was too cold or too hot to walk.

The trip is one of the nicest, and by far one of the cheapest, in the East. All roads allow stopovers at Niagara Falls, and as the way to go is via Toronto, you can well afford to stop over there one way and enjoy the fine ride across Lake Ontario to Kingston and the gorge line up to the falls.

Going up, we think it best to get to your field of rest as quickly as possible, but coming back, after a two weeks' bracer, you are in a mood to enjoy God's handiwork, and should come down through the picturesque Muskoka Lakes. You



"No, I didn't buy them."



Making a windshield.



Real pals.

will appreciate nature more than ever before.

There are many places on Georgian Bay where one can find good accommodations at reasonable rates, such as Point Au Barie, Sans Souci, Copperhead Island, Minnicognashene, Honey Harbor, and Penetanguishene. These and many others are reached

by the S. S. *Waubic*, which winds its way in and out among the 30,000 islands. She plies daily between Penetang and Parry Sound, and gives you a never-ending panorama of constantly changing and beautiful scenery.

For our destination we chose Copperhead Island. The little hotel is run by an old Scot, who don't mind the Yankees, and who can tell you more about where to find the largest fish than some of the Indians, of whom there are many to act as guides, if you want them. "Archie," for that is his name, also has a good cook, and gives the fishermen all that they can eat, and it's more like home-cooking than most hotels we have in the dear old U. S. A.

There are several kinds of fish—pickerel, pike, muskelonge, trout, etc., to be found in the waters of this region, but most sportsmen never bring in anything but black bass of the little-mouthed variety.

One of the regulars, Dr. Hoyer, of Tonawanda, N. Y., has spent twenty-two consecutive summers at this place, and last year was as nimble an angler as ever. He is past eighty-five years of age, and attributed his health and longevity to the vacation each year in the healthful air of Georgian Bay.

We had the use of a motor boat and row boats, and went where we pleased, without a guide most of the time. We were given a lunch and coffee pot, frying pan, etc., with our equipment each day, and so were able to get our own lunch on the rocks wherever we were. We wore rubber-soled shoes, so we were better able to get about the rocks,



Life is worth living.

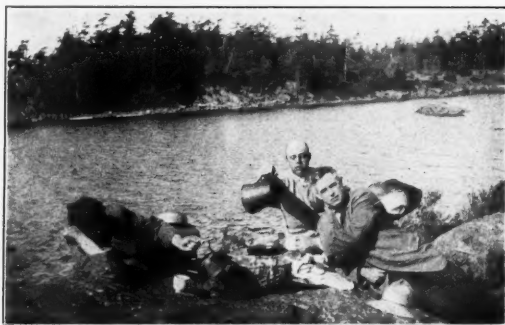


Fire's out.

HOW SHALL DENTAL SURGEON SPEND HIS VACATION? 325

and the fat fellow of the party did do some getting around and about, I assure you.

We're going up again this year. Come along! It will do you good, and it will pay you, too. Run along in high gear for three months after



The cup 'that cheers.

your return without a hitch, and more than make up for the time you were away. Then, too, it makes you feel that you are master of your practice and not that it is master of you. You deserve a vacation, and owe it to yourself to take one.

Educate your patients to it!

5313 Franklin Ave.

HOW SHALL THE DENTAL SURGEON SPEND HIS VACATION?

By CROXTON L. RION, D.D.S., SEATTLE, WASH.

"How shall I spend my vacation?" I know of no part of the United States wherein this question may be more easily solved than here in this most beautiful section, which is in reality a great natural park. If there is anything Nature has failed to provide for the sportsman, I have failed to find it. From hunting to fishing, mountain climbing, or painting, touring, or boating, none are to be found in greater abundance than right here in old Washington or Oregon.

In July, last, we started by auto from the residence of the writer, leaving Seattle after 7 P. M., and spent the night in Olympia, our State



ILL. 1. In July we started from the residence of the writer, who holds the camera bulb.

capital, arriving there at about midnight, easy running. Roads were excellent. Left Olympia next morning at 7:30, and arrived at Lake Cushman, well up in the mountains, at noon. At Shelton, between Olympia and Lake Cushman, the road crew was putting in a new bridge, and we stuck in the deep and wet sand, requiring the assistance of the crew and heavy jacks and timbers to get another start. The men of the crew willingly assisted us, and we were soon on our way again.

I am sorry not to have taken a picture of the machine as it was loaded for those most delightful camping trips. A large 10 x 12 tent was strapped on to the trunk rack in the rear of the machine. On one running-board we placed four folding army cots and the camp stove, securely strapped. On the left running-board we placed a home-made provision box. We carried four suitcases inside the machine, as well as quite a quantity of provisions under the seat. I was surprised at the amount of stuff that could be packed on a machine.

After arriving at the lake, one of the millions of beautiful lakes in this grand western country, we left the auto on the near side, where the trees were too thick to make a desirable camping-spot. In this country we do not have much hot weather in the summer, and in picking a camping-spot it is essential to so place the tent that plenty of sunshine may reach it during the day. The nights are quite foggy that high up in the mountains. You may also safely build a large campfire, one of the pleasures of the camp when in the open, but extremely dangerous, in fact, prohibited by the government, among the heavy trees, on account of forest fires. We then took a small launch on the lake and went to the far end, near the entrance of the river, and here pitched camp, and had supper ready before sundown, but a little too tired to care to try

our luck with the rod that day. We then built up a tremendous campfire, around which many of the summer hotel boarders nearby gathered to enjoy the music of our phonograph and the warmth of the fire. There is something about a campfire that draws all in reach to its warmth and light.

Next morning I took a small rowboat and tried my luck before breakfast, as I rowed to the hotel where we purchased fresh cream for our coffee. The result, six nice, large, juicy trout, was encouraging, and we could hardly wait for the girls to get breakfast over, so we could make a good haul.

Ill. 2 shows how comfortable a camp may be made, and how much



ILL. 2. I tried my luck before breakfast—result, six nice large, juicy trout.

room a tent of this size will allow four people; tent is divided by hanging canvas partition. The girls enjoyed the camping life as much as we men, and entered into the spirit of the trip as much as could be hoped for. They are also fisherwomen of no mean class, and made some of the largest catches. They are not afraid to bait a hook, either, although flies were principally used. The girls wore bloomers when climbing around over hills and logs, and were certainly more comfortable than in long skirts, and when fishing hip-boots are almost essential to safety, as the waters of the river are very swift.

If any one of my readers has never experienced the pleasure of a lucky strike, and the consequent landing of a large, juicy mountain trout, he does not know what real sport is, and I would advise him to avail himself of the first opportunity to take to the tall timbers and the mountain streams, where life for ten days or two weeks is really worth living. Nothing on earth can so quickly make you forget that you were

nervous and vexed at all the world, and especially at that last nervous patient you had, as a trip like this. It is Nature's tonic, and Nature, given half a chance, will back man off the map.

We spent ten days on this particular trip, and landed one hundred



ILL. 3. The girls are fisherwomen of no mean class; they landed about half this string.

and sixty-seven of as pretty trout as I ever saw. As fish stories always need corroboration, Illustration 3 is given for your kind consideration. This is only one day's catch, and, as we ate them almost as fast as



ILL. 4. A juicy watermelon certainly does add to the pleasure of a wayside rest.

caught, you may imagine we felt quite finny by the time we were ready to return home. My wife landed a big fellow, and she is quite puffed up over her success.

The many side trips taken were as enjoyable, from a standpoint of variety, as was the fishing. The large mines are only six miles back of our camp, and the many pretty mountain trails are inviting. In the middle of the day, when Old Sol commanded us to take shelter, we would stroll around in the woods, where it was several degrees cooler, and shoot squirrels and other small game.

We broke camp on Monday morning, leaving Lake Cushman at 9 o'clock, and made the trip home, a distance of 127 miles, by 8 o'clock the same night. Of course, we were a little tired from the long run, but the roads were excellent and fast running was easy.

A juicy watermelon certainly added to the pleasure of a wayside rest on the homeward trip. This is only one of many trips we took during the summer months, some of them week ends, leaving the city on Friday night, traveling by night only. Others were of a week's duration, and I am firmly convinced that I owe my ability to keep plugging at my work without that feeling of fatigue so often experienced, to these many delightful camping trips.

Try them. You will not be disappointed.

510 Leary Bldg.

A HIKE IN COLORADO

BY H. G. WOLZENDORF, ST. LOUIS, MO.

I AM in the Dental Supply business, and come intimately in contact with dentists every day. I have known many dentists who have broken down at 40 or 45 when they should be in their prime, and either had to give up altogether or take a long rest, and then only get temporary relief, because they had thought they could not take a vacation, only to realize their mistake when it was everlastingly too late.

If the dentist goes away he will find all his patients who are worth having at all waiting for him when he comes back, and he will be in much better shape physically to give them proper attention than if he had not taken a vacation. Furthermore, I believe in getting just as far away from my every-day surroundings as my time and pocketbook

will permit. My hobby in the way of recreation is, and has been, for many years, the bicycle. I am also a pretty good pedestrian, and am going to tell you about a trip I took last year, because it is just a little different from the average vacation.

You may think this a rather strenuous way of taking a rest, but I assure you we (there were three of us) did not find it so. In fact, every minute was enjoyable, and we saw some of the grandest scenery that God ever made. Any one in good physical condition, with good heart, lungs, and legs, can do it. Age cuts no figure. I am 48 years young.

We left St. Louis on the Colorado Limited, one Saturday afternoon in the early part of August, and at 4:30 Sunday afternoon rolled into Denver. Tuesday we put our baggage into our baggage-room at the hotel, shipped a suitcase with changes of underwear and other necessities to Leadville, rolled a few handkerchiefs, one flannel shirt, and one suit of underwear, films, and a tooth-brush into a bundle, using a piece of rubber cloth for a wrapper, to keep the contents of the package dry in case of rain. This was slung over the shoulder, and we were ready for a tramp to Leadville.

To save time and avoid the monotony of walking across the open prairie to the foothills, we took the train to Forks Creek, a station in Clear Creek Cañon, twenty-eight miles from Denver. From here we walked the railroad track up the cañon until we struck the wagon road which comes in from Denver. Following the wagon road to Idaho Springs, nine miles, where we got dinner, we continued on a short distance beyond the train, where, in a nice shady place, by a bubbling brook, we sat down and rested and smoked for about an hour, admiring the grand scenery which was all around us, we being right in the heart of this beautiful cañon.

After resting up, we were again on our way, our destination for the day being Georgetown. The road was a good, hard macadam road, the grade was an easy one, but we were going up all the time, and at every turn of the road the scenery was changing, while off in the distance ahead of us loomed up the bald granite tops of some of the highest peaks in the state, with here and there a path of everlasting snow.

Georgetown was reached about six o'clock. There are three hotels here, but as there was a convention being held, all were full, and we secured comfortable quarters in a private house.

From Idaho Springs to Georgetown is twelve and one-half miles, making our total for the day twenty-one and one-half miles. The elevation of Georgetown is 8,487 feet, and Denver 5,280, so we have come up a little over 3,200 feet during the day.



New Idaho Springs.

Leaving Georgetown the following morning, our destination for lunch was to be Waldorf, an eating station on the Argentine Central Railway, where the switchback road up Mount McClellan starts. It is ten miles to Waldorf, and a continuous performance uphill on a good road. Waldorf was reached about 11:30 A. M., and we now found ourselves at the timber line, 11,666 feet above tidewater. We have come up 3,179 feet since leaving Georgetown, and have to get up another 1,500 feet in the next three miles be-

fore we begin to go down hill.

Our road is to take us over Argentine Pass, 13,150 feet. The hogback, over which this road leads, is a spur of Mount McClellan, 14,000 feet, and from the little railroad station at Waldorf we can look right up the bare slope of the mountain and the road leading up, like an immense letter Z, is in plain sight all the way to the top.

After an excellent lunch, a rest, and the inevitable smoke, we were on our way at 1 o'clock, and at 2:30 we stood on the top of the pass. The road leading over this pass is said to be the highest wagon road in the world. The view spread before our eyes is one of indescribable grandeur. To our right, only a stone's throw away, is Mt. McClellan. A short distance back, to the left of this, is the beautiful cave-shaped top of Gray's Peak, 14,441 feet high. To the south, if the air is clear, Pike's Peak can be plainly seen, and around us on every side are those grand mountains, from 12 to 14,000 feet high, and on their sides and in the depressions we see numerous snow-banks.

We look back toward Georgetown, and can see many miles down the cañon through which we came on our way up. Far down in the cañon a tiny winding silver thread can be seen, which, when we get down to it, proves to be a very sizable brook, tumbling madly over the rocks in its journey to the Pacific Ocean, for we are standing on the Continental Divide.



On the road to Waldorf above Georgetown.

I have traveled extensively in the West, and have seen much grand scenery, but I doubt if there is a more magnificent view anywhere than that from the top of Argentine Pass.

The road leading down into the valley is blasted in many places out of the side of a nearly perpendicular wall; it is three miles down to the valley, and we drop 2,000 feet in this distance. The road is very narrow, rough and stony, but perfectly safe for walking or on horseback. Another thing, if you want to admire the scenery, it is advisable to stop walking, for you might walk right over the edge of the precipice and drop a matter of 500 or 1,000 feet before you again strike terra firma. When we reached the valley it proved to be what it appeared from the top of the pass, a beautiful natural park, heavily timbered, grassy, and such a collection of wild flowers as one can see only in Colorado. The road, which is now practically level and very good, winds down through the center of this gradually widening valley, crossing frequently a cold sparkling mountain brook. About two miles from a practically abandoned mining camp we left the main road and went up another cañon to a village called Monteguma, a mining camp of about 200 or 300 population. We got a very good supper and clean lodgings at a little two-by-four hotel, and slept the sleep of the just. Our tramp this day rolled up 22 miles.

Next morning we were on our way by 7:30 for Dillon. For 14 miles it was easy walking, on a good, level, natural road, for the most part through the cool, shady forest. Here we shipped one of the party, who had developed a big blister on one heel, into Leadville by rail, to rest up and doctor his foot.

Bob and myself, after a good dinner and a two hours' rest, started for Kokomo, 18 miles, at 2 o'clock. We had not gone far when it began to rain—one of the cold, drizzling sort—so at Frisco we got a train and rode into Kokomo, where we spent the night.

The rain had continued all night, and when we left Kokomo in the morning, headed for Leadville, 18 miles, it looked very uninviting; a fine, drizzling rain was falling. It is five miles up a gradual grade to the top of Fremont Pass, 11,500 feet. The road is a good one, and we enjoyed the tramp.

Two miles from Kokomo we went through Robinson. Here Holy Cross Mountain can be seen at nearly all times, but we could not even see the mountain, much less the cross of snow, so heavy were the clouds and mist.

After getting to the top of the pass we dropped down into Fremont Cañon in a hurry, going down about 1,500 feet in probably a little over a mile in the cañon.

Farther up the cañon we passed an abandoned ranch; some one had built a very comfortable, four-room log cabin, extensive barns, and corrals, but had evidently abandoned the place many years ago. Nothing but hay could be raised here, and the winters, no doubt, are very severe. The elevation of the cañon is about 10,000 feet.

Leadville was reached at 2 o'clock, and, after a shave, a bath, and a lunch, we spent the afternoon and evening taking in the sights, which are not many.

The next morning we took the train at 8:30 for Grants, at the head of Platte Cañon. Leaving Grants, we found a fine gravel road to Shawnee, 6 miles, where we put up for the night. The hotel here is owned and operated by the railroad. It is a log house, built on the Swiss chalet style. It is beautifully situated in a little valley at a point where the cañon spreads out and affords a fine view up and down the cañon. Everything about the place is strictly first-class and the rates reasonable, and we felt like staying there all summer, but we had to postpone that pleasure to some future time.

At Shawnee we abandoned the wagon road and took to the railroad track, as the wagon road does not run through the cañon.



Shawnee Lodge, Platte Cañon.



Platte Cañon, below Shawnee.

Shortly after leaving Shawnee the cañon narrows down so there is just room for the river and the railway track, while the massive granite walls rise straight up to a height of from 800 to 1,500 feet. Words are hardly adequate to describe

the grand beauties of this cañon, one of the most magnificent in this state of beautiful cañons and grand mountains.

When we left Shawnee we consulted a railroad time-card and selected a station 11 miles down the road as a good dinner stop. When we got there we found a board nailed to a post, indicating the name of

the station, and a watertank, but no evidence of a town or hotel. There was a little valley here, and, after sizing up the landscape a few minutes, we spied a log cabin some distance back among the trees.



Ute Pass, near Rainbow Falls.

We started in the direction of the house, and were met half-way up by a noisy little fox terrier, but kept right on, and, as we got nearer, we met the savory odor of a good dinner some one was enjoying. When we got to the house we found a very happy party of about a dozen people enjoying the afore-said dinner.

The general manager of our tour doffed his cap and politely asked if three hungry tramps could get a bite to eat. The daddy of the party, an old gentleman about 65 years of age, grunted out: "Yes, but you'll have to wait a few minutes." We had no objection to waiting, and, after washing up, sat down on the porch and began to play with the dog, who had now become very friendly. We were soon joined by members of the dinner party, who were very much interested in the tale of our wanderings. They were a fine crowd of Denver people, who had come up to spend Sunday with the owner of the cabin, who used the place as a summer home.

After about twenty minutes we were invited in, and sat down to as fine a home-cooked dinner as we ever ate. After a rest and a chat with our friends, we continued down the cañon another 11 miles to Buffalo, where we put up for the night. We were now nearing the end of the cañon; the hills are getting lower, and the sides of the cañon are covered with timber all the way to the top. After about an hour's wait at a little railroad station we boarded a train and at 6 o'clock were again in Denver.

On Wednesday we moved to Colorado Springs, where we arrived about noon. That afternoon we took the trolley-car to South Cheyenne Cañon and then went on foot, of course, up to the end of the cañon, where we viewed the former grave of Helen Hunt Jackson. She is no longer resting here, the body having been moved several years ago. A fine view can be obtained from the top of the mountain.

The next morning we again took the car to North Cheyenne Cañon, then walked up the cañon, across what is called the High Donie, and

down Bear Creek Cañon to Colorado City. This circuit is 9 miles, and one of the most beautiful and easy strolls I know of.

Our next day was to be our last tramp, and we celebrated by walking up Pike's Peak. Leaving Manitou at 8 o'clock we started up the railroad track. The sun was shining brightly and hot, as it always does when you start up, but about the time one reaches the timber line there is a decided drop in the temperature. If one does not run into rain or snow before reaching the top, he is very fortunate. We struck a fine, misty rain, but did not bother about that, and reached the top at 12:30.

While eating lunch it began to snow, and in about an hour there was about an inch and a half of the beautiful snow on the ground, and the temperature had dropped from 53° to 30°.

We started down at 2 o'clock, and the going was pretty slippery until we got below the snow, when we ran into rain, and by the time we got half-way down we were soaked to the skin. However, the farther down we got the warmer the air got, and presently we again found ourselves in warm, balmy sunshine, and by the time we reached Manitou we were dried out.

I do not keep tab on my expenses on my trips, but this one cost, as nearly as I can remember, about \$110; this includes \$25 railroad fare, and \$11 sleeping-car fare to and from Denver.

The money spent on a trip of this kind is the best investment one can make, not only from the health viewpoint, but as a geographical education.



North Cheyenne Cañon, below Helen Hunt Falls.

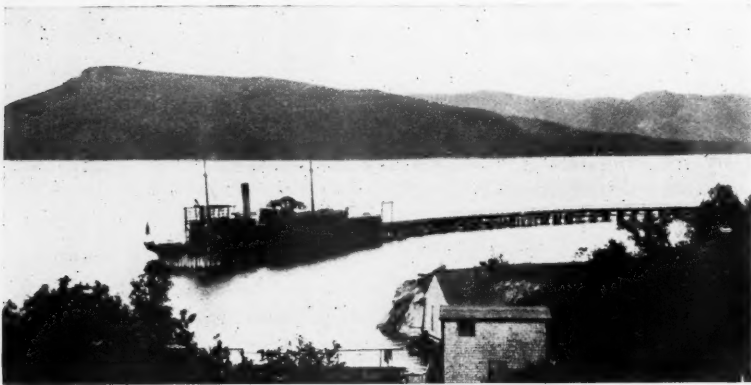
SETTING the tap-root deep and making the spreading roots firm is the way to ensure long life to the tree.—LAO TZU.

THROUGH THE KING'S DOMINIONS

By ALONZO MILTON NODINE, D.D.S., NEW YORK

One vacation spent as the outlines that follow indicate was interesting from the diversity of scenery, the historic association of the places visited, the quaintness of the different people and the modes of travel.

Starting from New York to Boston, a day or two may be spent delightfully en route in Providence, Newport or Narragansett. A week spent in and around the Athens of America is living over again the history of the United States. From Boston fine steamers sail for Yarmouth, N. S.; arriving there in the morning one has a mild experience



Jetty at Bay of Islands, N. F., 30 miles in from the sea. Picturesque and beautiful.

with the custom-house inspector which isn't an ordeal. There is time, before the "Flying Bluenose" express leaks away to Halifax, to motor through the town. Up through the beautiful Annapolis Valley, it crawls, stopping at Digby. Wolville is the station for Grande Pré. Arriving at noon, one has luncheon, then a drive through the Evangeline country. A stay over night at some private boarding house is easily arranged. The next morning the train carries one to Halifax. Here one may lay over for a day very pleasantly, stopping at the King Edward. Then about noon the Maritime Express leaves for North Sydney. On board the train an excellent dinner is served for seventy-five cents. At Mulgrave the train is pushed on a big ferryboat and carried across the Strait of Canso to Cape Breton Island. Arriving at North Sydney about 11 P. M., purchase ticket to St. Johns (\$16). The

boat leaves at midnight; steaming out of the harbor, the fringe of electric lights along the shore and the flare of the blast furnaces of the Dominion Steel Company are left behind.

Arriving in Port-aux-Basques in the morning one is impressed with the bleakness of the coast. The custom officer here is a little more exacting. The train is waiting on the wharf. You may or may not get breakfast on board the boat; the alternative is yours to get it on the train, which will be interesting and exciting, as it sways along its way to Bay of Islands, one hundred and fourteen miles distant. If the train meets no adverse wind, and the moon is in the right quarter, it will arrive about seven or perhaps nine o'clock at night.



Battle Harbor, Labrador.

From the hillside one may see the little steamer, *Home*, that is to take you to Battle Harbor, tied to the jetty. If in August and moonlight, there is to be seen one of the most beautiful and majestic bodies of water in the world. The boat sails after the arrival of the train. As you find yourself in a six-by-six stateroom for four, you will wonder how it's going to be. Select, if you can, the upper, outside berth, leave the port hole open, get on deck early and stay late, and yours will be an appetite that will relish beef and beans, steak and beans and marmalade for five or six days. The steamer stops at a number of places on the bay. Then up the west coast of Newfoundland, stopping at several places, then crossing over to Canadian Labrador, the steamer threads its way through isles and islets and wonderful rocks, past Belle Isle, to Battle Harbor. Here you catch the Labrador boat if it is making connections, if not, you will return on the *Home* to the Bay of Islands, and go overland to St. Johns, arriving about noon. Stay at the Crosby

House, and you will not be disappointed. Two or three days in St. Johns is interesting. One then may go on the train to Placentia, where another boat sails for the ports on the south coast of Newfoundland. Arriving back at Port-aux-Basques, go over to Channel, and stay at



Lighthouse at Channel, N. F.

The building on the hill is both the lighthouse and a home.

Mrs. Ross's for a few days or a week. Then back to North Sydney, over to Sydney, and stay at the Sydney House. If you are interested go down to Old Louisburg, passing the Marconi station at Glace Bay.



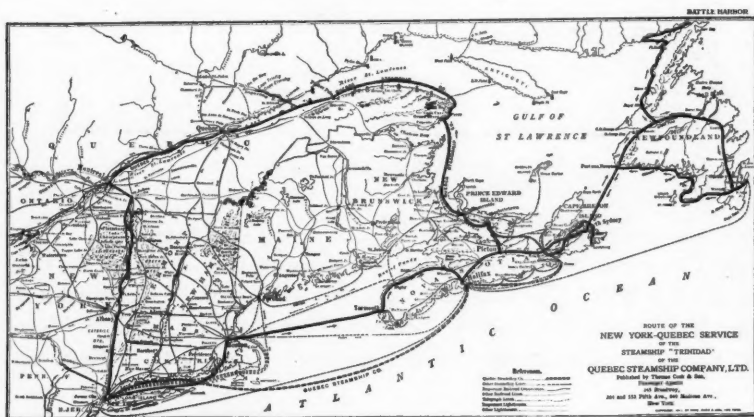
Restoration of the Fortress, Louisbourg, N. S.

This fortress was once attacked by English and Yankee soldiers and sailors while what is now the United States was only an English colony.

Here an old guide will take you over the ruins of the fortification, which they are trying to restore and preserve as a historic monument. From Sydney a little boat sails down the Bras d'Or Lake to Baddeck. If you arrive Saturday night, stay over Sunday and hear a sermon in Gaelic;

it will do you good. Alexander Graham Bell's home is here, too, and one or two homes of other interesting people. Another boat leaves in the morning for Grand Narrows; there you'll wait for the boat that will take you down the Great Bras d'Or Lake to St. Mary's, where you will stay over night in the quaintest old town and hotel. In the morning the boat passes through St. Mary's canal and locks that cut Cape Breton into two islands; then on its way to Mulgrave. From Mulgrave you may go to Turo, or go to Pictou, and wait for the boat up the St. Lawrence. This boat stops at Charlottetown, P. E. I., Grand River, and a number of ports on the St. Lawrence. Arriving at Quebec, go to the Château Frontenac or Queen's Hotel, or one may find rooms at the Burlington. The things in and around Quebec are interesting, quaint, historic. Seems like a city in old France must be. One may go either by train or boat to Montreal. The night train for Plattsburg will land you there in time to have a delightful night's rest on board the boat. The next day is spent going down Lake Champlain, Lake George, the train to Albany, and the night boat for New York.

You will have been on sixteen boats and ten railroad trains and traveled about 5,000 miles. The whole trip will cost, including hotels, about \$225 to \$250, taking about four to five weeks with good connections. The month of August is best.



New York to Boston, \$4.00, Boat.

Boston to North Sydney via Yarmouth, Wolfville, Halifax, \$16.00, Dominion and Atlantic Line.

North Sydney to St. Johns via Port Aux Basque, Bay of Islands, overland, \$13.60.

Bay of Islands to Battle Harbour and return, \$20.00.

St. Johns, Newfoundland to North Sydney via Placentia, Port Aux Basque, \$16.00.

Down the Bras d'Or Lakes to Mulgrave, about \$4.00.

Mulgrave to Pictou, \$2.50.

Pictou to Quebec, \$27.00.

Quebec to New York, \$15.80.

A SUMMER CAMP ON THE SHORE OF LAKE WINNEPE- SAUKEE

BY CHARLES C. PATTEN, D.D.S., BOSTON, MASS.

I am enclosing a picture of my camp, which is on the shore of Lake Winnepesaukee, in New Hampshire. It is about one hundred miles from Boston. I purchased the land, an acre more or less, for about \$200, and there I built a comfortable camp for about \$500 more.

I have seven rooms. The living room has a fireplace that will take a four-foot stick of wood. I built the boathouse, which does not show



Camp on the shore of Winnepesaukee Lake.

in the picture, also a shed, myself, during my summers there. Perhaps I have put in altogether \$1,000, but, doing it a little at a time, I have not felt it. The place has been appreciated right along since I have had it, and shows a very fair increase as a financial proposition, but dollars could not represent the pleasure and health it has given us.

"Dentists.—Canadian openings are said to exist at Redditt in Ontario, Rivers in Manitoba, Bigger, Kelliher, Landis, Nokomis, Scott, and Semans in Saskatchewan, and Chauvin, Edson, Holden, Jarrow, and Viking in Alberta."*—Daily Consular and Trade Reports.*

MY MERCENARY(?) VACATION

.. BY DONLEY M. STEELE, MORGANTOWN, W. VA.



The writer and one of the "pals" who made vacations worth while.

THERE are many dentists who cannot, or at least, think they cannot, afford a vacation, and it is to that variety of dentist I wish to appeal. I felt the same way about it last summer—but let me tell you about it.

Having been located in West Virginia only a short time, my business had not yet grown to the point where dollars were plentiful, but, nevertheless, with the first warm days of spring the vacation fever began to get into my system, and I began building air castles. You all know what the vacation fever will do for a fellow. I couldn't figure out how "we" were to get the desired vacation. I say "we," because my wife and little girlie enjoy vacations, too. The first thing I did was to write out an agreement, as follows:

"We, the undersigned dentists of Morgantown, do hereby agree to close our offices at noon each Saturday, and to keep them closed during the remainder of the day. This agreement to be in effect during the months of June, July, and August, 1911."

SIGNED

.....

We have eight dentists here. The six leading dentists gladly signed the agreement, and were faithful to it. That gave us a sure half-holiday each week, which we greatly enjoyed, picnicing or fishing in the local stream.

My next step was to get out a few bills, which I had printed in large type.

After properly filling out these bills with date, place, etc., I mailed several to each postmaster in three very small mountain towns, away up in the Cheat Mountains, from fifteen to twenty-five miles from here.

The word "Dentist" headed the bills in large, black type; the rest as here given.

DENTIST

DR. DONLEY STEELE
OF MORGANTOWN

Will be at the.....

.....
ONE DAY ONLY
.....

.....
Dr. Steele will be in.....
on the above date, prepared to do all kinds of
first-class dental work.

.....
EXAMINATION AND CONSULTATION FREE

When the time came for our vacation, I hired a strong horse and roomy buckboard from a liveryman, and, after packing clothing, fishing tackle and dental instruments into suitcases, we left Morgantown at



noon Saturday, July 29, drove seven miles to the foot of the mountains, and there fished in Cheat River. Put up for the night at a country hotel near the river, and next day (Sunday) drove eight miles up the

mountain to Pisgah, W. Va., where I was billed for Monday. We found that another dentist had just visited Pisgah, so we did nothing there, except gain a few pounds, breathing pure mountain air and eating



One of the houses at which I worked. The rocker on the front porch was my "Columbia."

country produce. (If a certain dentist of Marietta, Ohio, reads this, he will know why I did no business in Pisgah, and he will agree with me regarding the pure air and *eats*.)



Looking at the river far below.

Monday evening we drove five miles to Rockville, where I was billed for Tuesday, August 1.

At Rockville there are only two houses, a store and a grist mill, but the postmaster had advertised me, and I found more work than I could attend to, and at much better prices than I command at home. I worked there (in the postmaster's parlor) for two days, and then we fished. Oh! such fishing! One of the finest bass streams I ever saw is only a stone's throw away from the place we boarded. Mrs. Steele and my daughter enjoyed the stream as much as I did. We walked, waded, swam, and fished up and down that stream to our hearts' content. This isn't a fish story, or I might tell you about our catch. We stayed around Rockville, living high, and having the time of our lives, visiting points of interest, such as the great falls and hanging rocks, etc., while the rural phone wires were kept hot by people at Hudson, W. Va. (four miles away), asking, "Where is that dentist?" "Tell him to



This is good for "kiddies."

hurry here," etc. So on the following Monday we drove to Hudson, where I worked as hard and fast as possible for two days. Then a splendid farmer took us out to his home, where we spent two days more, doing a lot of bridge-work for him and all kinds of dental work for his neighbors.

We then returned to Hudson, where I found more people anxious to have dental work done, but I was supposed to be on my vacation, so I made appointments with those who could come to my home office. Then we went back to wild and beautiful Sandy Creek at Rockville.

After spending several more days fishing, we returned home, visiting Coopers Rocks and like points of interest en route.

The country we had traversed is very wild, frequented by many bad snakes, rattlers in the highlands, and copperheads about the streams, and we saw several of them, but they did not seem to be hunting trouble any more than we were, so we compromised by letting each other alone.

Now, to sum it up: after deducting the six days I spent at work, we still had fifteen days of the best vacation I ever experienced, and it cost us—well, after I paid for dental supplies, board bills, horse hire, etc., I had sixty-seven dollars left out of the cash taken in on the trip; and that isn't all—since then I have made numerous plates and bridges,

etc., for mouths which I prepared while up in the mountains. I know this description is savoring strongly of finances, and finances sometimes mar a vacation, but so as to appeal to the dentist who is handicapped by lack of ready money, I thought best to go deeply into the financial side of such a vacation.

Nearly every dentist is within driving distance of some good vacation atmosphere and no doubt there are a few small burgers en route, where



Between tasks, many a pleasant hour was spent like this.

a dentist can do well for a day or two. Don't say you can't afford a vacation. The fact is, if you have been worried or working hard you can't afford to *not* have a vacation.

We took a camera along with us and used it generously, but we were unfortunate in not being masters of the art, and consequently made failures instead of pictures, several times.

I hope that some of my vacation experience will aid some brother dentists in planning for a vacation this year.

A FISH WITH FALSE TEETH

CAP WILSON, the inventor of as many different kinds of spoons as there are fish that will take them, has discovered a new lure for catfish. He was on an outing among the sloughs of the Sacramento River when one of his companions found him on the deck of his launch, roaring loudly.

"What's the matter?" he inquired.

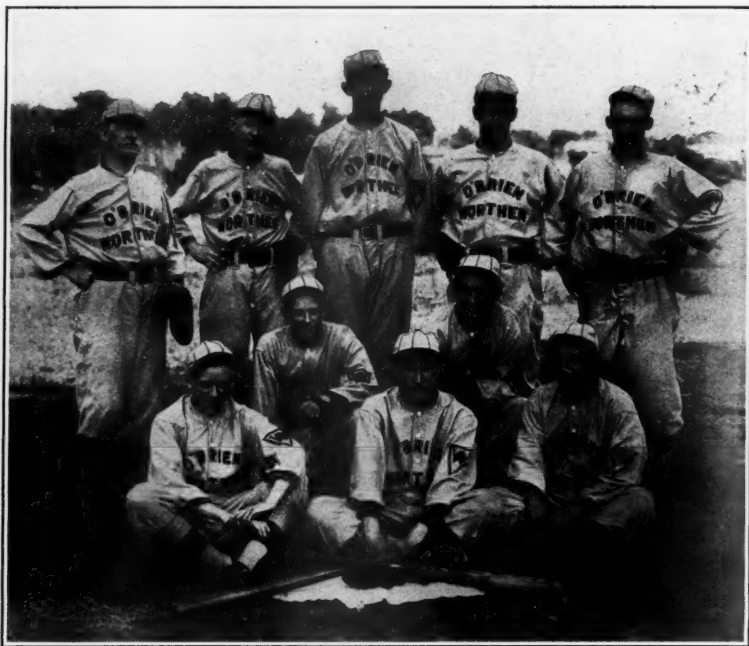
"Matter! Huh? There's a \$20 catfish down under this boat—an' I'm a-goin' to get him if I have to seine him out!"

"How do you figure a catfish worth \$20?"

"Thisaway: I was standin' right here a-cleanin' my new set of false teeth when he come up to the top, looked at me, an' opened his mouth. I grabbed for the boathook to gaff him—an' dropped the teeth. Plump they went, right square into his mouth! Now he's down there crackin' crabs with my teeth—an' I got to eat clam chowder outen a salmon spoon!"—*Saturday Evening Post*.

DENTAL TRADE BASEBALL TEAMS

AMONG the men who serve dentists by furnishing dental supplies, there is no lack of appreciation of vacation time and vacation sports. Two baseball teams, representatives of widely separated dental supply houses, are illustrated herewith.



The O'Brien-Worthen Team.

Top Row.—Hynes, Catcher; Brune, Center Field; Gotterman, Pitcher; Montgomery, Utility; Burrichter, Short Stop.

Bottom Row.—Kruise, Right Field; Heaps, Left Field; O'Brien, First Base; Ferguson, Second Base; Thomasson, Third Base, Captain.

The O'Brien-Worthen team is made up of employees of the St. Louis house. It is a member of The Commercial League, comprising eight teams. Last year this team played 15 games, winning 13.

It will play in the same league this year, and hopes to do as well as last year.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY BALL TEAM

AMONG the employees of the New York branch of The Dentists' Supply Company, a uniformed team has been organized, and on Saturday afternoons contests the honors with similar teams from other dental supply houses or dental laboratories. During 1911 this team played 9 games and won 7.



The line up, reading left to right is:

Standing.—H. R. Campbell, Left Field; J. Turner, Catcher; E. Kelly, Substitute; R. Kenny, Third Base; S. Vander Veer, Right Field.

Sitting.—L. Salg, Second Base; A. Martin, Substitute; A. Hanes, First Base (Manager); I. B. Pleasants, Pitcher (Captain); C. J. Duffy, Center Field.

Some of these young men are known to many dentists. This is especially true of Mr. Salg, in charge of the retail tooth counter, and of Mr. Duffy, in charge of the wholesale department. It is largely due to Mr. Duffy's experiences and skill that the assortments of teeth, crowns and facings offered by The Dentists' Supply Company, have been so well arranged.

BROTHER BILL'S LETTERS



MY DEAR FRANK:

I suppose that I ought to write you and say how much I sympathize with you, but I'm going to tell you, first of all, that I think you a plain fool, and if it weren't for my habit of avoiding profanity, I'd put an adjective or two in front of it.

You write me that, after only ten years of practice, your health is so broken that your doctor has ordered you to take a complete rest of some months or answer for the consequences. You bemoan the fact that you've got to be away from the office; that you will not make any money; that you may lose some of your practice, and that you haven't really enough money on hand to be able to afford such absence from practice.

I do sympathize with you. I'd be a brute not to, but I sympathize a great deal more with your wife and family. You know of the speaker who offered the toast, "Our Puritan Fathers," and then went on to laud their virtues and heroism. Some one wittier than he, got up immediately afterward and said that while he admired the heroism of the Puritan fathers, it wasn't a patch to that of the Puritan mothers, for they, in addition to bearing all that the Puritan fathers did, had to bear with the Puritan fathers, too. And I'll bet a hat that your troubles for the last year and even at present, haven't approached those of your wife while you were reaching this condition.

I think you are a plain fool because you are a man of intelligence, which you have used for everybody beside yourself and those dependent on you. If you had an office girl who didn't use any more intelligence about her work than you have about your health you'd fire her before a week was out.

Here's what you've done, to my knowledge, and there's no telling how much more that I didn't know about.

When you came out of college, you were as poor as I was. I remember our comparing notes on the last week of school, and wondering how far our tiny capital would take us. You went to the city where you have since lived, and starved it through till you got some practice. Then you fitted up a fine office, married that dandy little girl to whom you introduced me at college, and had as happy a home as a man could ask.

When I saw you nine years afterward, you had changed from the lively, companionable fellow I used to know, to a regular slave. You

got to the office early. You worked at top speed. You stayed late. You did laboratory work in the evenings. You worked Sundays if your patients required it. You couldn't get an evening off to go to the show with me because Mrs. Jones needed her bridge.

I don't know what kind of a life your wife led, because you didn't seem to be doing much for her except paying bills. She saw you between 9 P. M. and 7 A. M., but part of that time you were reading the paper and part of it was passed in eating and sleeping.



"We built a fort on the sand and fought the British all over again."

You didn't even make a lot of money to pay for what you were taking out of your hide. I asked about your fees, and was surprised to know that you hadn't advanced them materially since the first eager bid you made for patronage when you opened your office. Your prices were not commensurate with your skill, if you exercised that properly. You told me one Sunday evening that you had waited on twenty-two patients that day. You looked it.

I don't remember the name of that little park near your house, but I took that dandy little eight-year-old boy of yours out there, and we dug in the sand, and built forts with twigs for cannon, and fought the British all over again. I pretended that I was going to throw him

into the lake, but he wouldn't scare worth a cent. We saw a gray squirrel and fed him some nuts. And we looked into an opening rose and heard the bees humming about the other flowers. On the way back the boy said, "Uncle, why doesn't daddy do these things with me? Why, he never even goes to Sunday school." Of course, I explained that papa was very busy earning all the nice things he had at home and getting the money ready for his schooling, and smoothed it over as well as I could. I didn't say much to you that night, because I couldn't without giving you such a dressing out as I had no right to.

Now the trouble for which you sought so diligently has come.

You're threatened with a complete nervous breakdown. Well, if you don't use any more intelligence than you have in the past, it'll come all right enough. But if you can recall some of those scattering wits of yours, you can steer clear of it.

Perhaps you think this strange talk from one who has stood out so strongly for profits in dentistry as I have. But I haven't stood out for profits as the reward of slavery. That's just the thing I've talked and written against ever since I woke up.

In the days when I was as big a fool as you are, I did a good deal of what you have done, only not so bad. I was making so little money that I worked whenever I got a chance. I felt that I must. I couldn't see that if work doesn't bring a profit it doesn't make much difference how much of it you do.

Now, you're up against it, just as thousands of other men in your profession are or will be. You've worked out all your strength. You've got to get more strength before you can do more work. Getting that strength requires absence from business, and that means stoppage of income. You've managed in such an unbusiness-like manner, that you can ill afford even this rest.

You've got to go away. Let me make a suggestion that may help with the financial side of it. Down on the S—— river, about fifty miles southwest of you, there is some as delightful country as one need set foot in for rest purposes. Fortunately, it will be warm enough in a week to live out of doors. If you will write to W—— B——, at M——, I think he will rent you one of his little cottages for a very small sum of money, for the summer. Ship down enough household goods to live in comfort, and spend the summer there with your family. Don't forget to take your wife and boy along, because your wife deserves a vacation twice as much as you do, and that boy will appreciate the opportunity to get acquainted with his dad. He doesn't know you. You are to him the man who eats and sleeps at his house. He would know an attentive boarder much better than he does you.

You can make a little garden, which will help set your table. All the other necessities of life are very reasonable. And your summer will cost you very little. Be sure to take along some illustrated nature books and help educate that little lad. When you write B——, give



"I pretended that I was about to throw him into the lake."

him my regards, and ask him for the cottage on what he calls "the hill top."

The end of the summer should find you much improved in health and not much poorer in purse. But that is not the most important part. It must find you looking at your work from a new point of view and with well-formed plans for the future. You can do this thing once or twice more, and then the wife and boy will follow a wooden

box out to the hill top from which you will never be moved. And they will go back to face life alone on a plane which you ought to be ashamed to thrust them down to. I don't mean that you are bound to provide them with luxuries after you are gone. But you are responsible for that boy's education up to the point where he is fitted to make a good living.

You may talk all you like about the men who have grown from poverty in childhood to wealth in later life as the result of their own efforts. Doubtless the tales are true. But conditions are such now that the boy with an education and the power to apply it starts far ahead of the boy without it. Your boy may not have the genius to carve out success with the tools you have provided. Even if he has genius, it's up to you to provide him with the best tools in your power.

And what about the wife, after you have gone? You tell me you have a little life insurance, and the home is partly paid for. I'll bet that, aside from these, you haven't five hundred dollars on which she can face the world. Don't delude yourself with the thought that the office outfit will bring anything worth while. If it brings enough to bury you, it will do better than I think.

I don't mean by this that you are to die as the result of this breakdown. Possibly you will not as the result of the next. But when you are better, you should face the fact that you are quite as likely to die first as is the wife, and that she and the boy will be thrust into a cold world and are unfitted to make a living. And you ought to recognize that the exercise of very ordinary abilities in the business field will enable you to change all this, not only for yourself while you live, but for your loved ones after you are gone.

You've got to see that this summer must mark the end of your slavery. You must see that you are to work the hours appointed for work, to rest in the hours for that, and to play in the hours that demand play. And the play hours are just as important in a true scheme of life as the others. They will be for your family some of its richest and happiest hours.

You cannot afford to make less money in this shortened working time. In fact, you want to make more. You never have to worry over idle hours, but you have gone to the other extreme. It is of no advantage to have your every hour taken for three weeks ahead. You are never free then for anything worth while. You can't go to a show. You cannot take in an excursion. You never had the strength to waste on whistling or humming a tune. Do you know that in the week I spent at your house I never heard you whistle or hum once. Yet you formerly played the piano and sang pretty well.

You've got to recover from this nervous fear of losing a patient and a dollar or two. You've got to find out what it costs you to do work, and charge more than a known cost. You've got to buy wisely, taking every discount, and investing your savings in interest-bearing securities of sound worth. In other words, you've got to learn to live. You knew how once, but you've forgotten for the present.

And when you learn to quit at four or four-thirty, on pleasant summer afternoons, and get out and play ball or dig in the garden and be a chum with that little man growing up beside you, you'll know a great deal more about life than you do now. And it will be profitable to you, both now and hereafter.

You've got to take a vacation. Make it profitable to you for all the years that are to come.

Bill

*Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road,
Healthy, free, the world before me,
The long, brown path before me leading wherever I
choose.
Henceforth I ask not good fortune, I myself am
good fortune,
Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more,
need nothing.
Done with indoor complaints, libraries, querulous
criticisms.
Strong and content I travel the open road.*

—From *An American Bible*, by ELBERT HUBBARD.

Courtesy of DR. A. M. NODINE.



THE BROADER VIEW *

By C. P. ELDER, D.D.S., OLATHE, KANSAS

DISCUSSION

No dentist who has reached the age of 40 should skip this discussion of a paper by Dr. Elder, read at the Kansas State Dental Association last May.

The discussion brings out pertinently just the points which I have been trying to have this magazine bring out in a general way. Each Summer we publish a Vacation number, because no busy dentist can afford not to take a vacation. What you do is immaterial so that it gives you pleasure and outdoor exercise and nerve repose.

You can defer your bill to Mother Nature a long time, but you've got to settle sometime. And the settlement of this deferred debt has killed many a dentist who might yet have done great good.—EDITOR.

S. E. JOHNSTON, Leavenworth:—This is certainly one of the good papers of this meeting. It brings to our attention ideas outside of ourselves and directs our eyes to something higher than merely looking down at the feet or down into the mouths, as many of us are looking so constantly, and leads us to take the larger, higher view. We need to be reminded of these larger ideas often, or we will surely get in the rut. If we do remain in a rut, then our capacity for work, and for service, is going to be curtailed. We become smaller and narrower minded and do not attain to our full stature as men, not only professionally but as citizens and members of society in which we labor and whom we are trying to serve.

We must direct our eyes upward, as well as inward, if we are going to keep in touch with that which is best in life.

The larger thing which we are looking toward to-day is the far-reaching one of oral hygiene and prophylaxis, which must be brought before our minds in every way.

The President asked me to say a word about the exhibit which I have here. I have not said anything on this floor regarding it. It is there for you to look at and for you to study, and there are a good many suggestions, possibly, in the illustrations there that will start you to thinking. This exhibit is modeled somewhat after Dr. Corley's, the

* Read before the Kansas State Dental Association, 1911.

Chairman of the Oral Hygiene Committee, which he has made in several different places.

I want to say that the people of Leavenworth are behind me in doing this, and we expect to use this exhibit as an educational feature through our school buildings next winter. We expect to elaborate upon it somewhat, and if we are unable to use the lantern lecture, we will try some other way of bringing these matters to the attention of the school teachers and children.

I wish to thank Dr. Elder for bringing us this inspiration, and hope that we shall hear from him again.

H. M. McFARLAND, Kansas City:—I enjoyed this paper of Dr. Elder's greatly, and I wish to emphasize the point that he makes that we need recreation. I think this matter of dividing our time, so that we may have some moments to devote to other matters than the routine of our offices, is one of the most important things that we ought to consider. There is no kind of work, nor any profession or business that is more wearing and more trying upon the nerves of a man than the general practice of dentistry. In talking with many of the younger men in the profession I find a great many of them have become a little discouraged with dental work, and I believe it is for no other reason in the world but the fact that they do not take enough recreation and enough outdoor exercise.

F. O. HETRICK:—Years ago I took these annual outings, but later I became so in love with the dental profession that I have taken them all in the last ten years at the Society meetings and really worked harder and kept later hours than I did at home. I have simply been foolish, and am paying the penalty.

Now, young fellows, I am not worn out in the sense that I am going to quit dentistry or anything of that kind. I am just simply heeding the warning that came to me a year ago, when I was working, and all at once my mouth mirror rolled out of my hands. I have gotten pretty well over that trouble, but am pretty nearly a neurasthenic from overwork, and must let up and take a little vacation.

I have recently sold my larger house, and bought a smaller one, with more ground. I have been digging post-holes, painting fences, and the house. I crowd in more than a day's work in a day, instead of quitting, as Dr. Root says he does. He doesn't do it, though. He can get up here and give you a whole lot of hot air about what he does, but I don't believe he is systematic enough to stick to it.

I want to send a warning to the fellows who put their nose to the stone and hold it there until their nervous energy is gone. I know all about the benefit of outdoor life. I sleep practically out of doors the

whole winter through. I would not be here alive if I had abused my body, and had not had the physical exercise I did have.

Now, here is Elder, the author of this paper, who gets up here and tells you all about the beasts and the birds and the humming things, but who never went fishing in his life. He has heard some one tell about the cast behind the stump, or the big boulder. He does not take the time from his office to do that; but he sounds this warning to you, and I want to make it still more impressive, when I stand up here and tell you my experience as a broken-down man—not broken down, either, but heeding the warning. It is not what you may do one day, but what you do systematically. Harry Fessenden took up this walking scheme with another fat fellow in our town. They went out and walked eight miles, intending to walk back—both took the train home, and that ended it.

Do not be a slave to your business, and do not wait until your physical condition compels you to give it up for awhile. And still, while you attend systematically to your recreation, do not neglect your Society. This is the first time since I joined the Kansas State Dental Association that I was not here at the opening meeting. I was physically unable to come from overwork.

I am not an old man; I am not fifty-two years old yet, and I hate to think, as I gaze upon you young men sitting there in your lusty manhood, what may be in store for you if you carry your work to a point where you will injure your health. I repeat again, I have been foolish, but I have had sense enough to quit before the crash came which would put me where to-day are some friends of mine who did not heed the warning. Most of us eat too much, and we should try to be temperate in that as well as in our habits of work.

L. D. MITCHELL:—I have only practiced dentistry ten years, but in that ten years I never thought there was any time to quit. My quitting time was usually when I got through. If a man is in a hurry in the morning, I will get up and work for him. I did that for ten years, but since the 15th of last October, I, with one exception, have not eaten any meat, and really have not eaten much of anything else. I have learned to think that I do not have to eat very much, and I am in better health than I was, if I favor myself in my work, but if I get too busy, I do not last very long. I believe that we all eat too much for people who are under a constant nervous strain. If you are not taxed too much in the way of work, you can handle a large meal very comfortably. If I try to work as I used to do, or to eat as many things as I formerly did, I cannot stand it, but by paying proper attention to my diet and exercise, I can do work in six hours which I have allotted to

my office now that I did in the last few years preceding in twelve hours. I can show you the results by my books, and it is not based on any higher scale of fees, either.

J. L. SMITH:—I believe in a man choosing his recreation as a matter of taste. No one can dictate what sort of recreation is proper or certain to please any one else. I want to select something that I can get through quickest. I enjoy playing tennis; I like to play ball; I find pleasure in engaging in those pastimes, but people who have no taste for them must choose something else that is enticing, so that they will seek that form of recreation and find as much pleasure in it as in making money, or in turning out an elaborate piece of dental jewelry.

G. A. CRISE:—I believe I have practiced more hours in dentistry than either Root or Hetrick. I go to my office every morning this time of year at 7 o'clock. I have patients who come to my office at half past 7, and I work until 6 o'clock in the evening; but then, when I leave my office, I leave all thought of office cares behind me. I believe that the true meaning of recreation is to engage in something by which you can throw the distractions of your office to the four winds of heaven.

When Dr. Mitchell tells us he can do more in six hours, or as much, as he formerly did in twelve, I will say he must have been a very slow worker during the twelve hours. You have just so much ability to turn out work, and can do just as much work in any given time.

When the warning comes, and it probably has come to me in certain ways, I try to throw it off and get rid of it, by trying to live properly and make my habits more conformable to health. A man with a clear conscience and with clean habits can go through the journey of life peacefully, and his longevity will depend upon the kind of life he is living.—*The Western Dental Journal*.

A KING CAN HAVE NO MORE*

BY RAYMOND FULLER AYRES

Through all the great range of sport with rod or gun, the pursuit of fur, feather, or fin, there is a kindred note, a basic principle, which underlies the specific purpose the sportsman has in mind. Camping out is the thing after all. Whether a man be after a bird or bear, trout or caribou, whether his weapon be rifle or shotgun or jointed rod, the

* By permission of Abercrombie & Fitch Co., New York City.

cool, clean four walls of his nomadic habitation embrace all the best moments of his playtime days. The camp, tent, the bit of shelter in the middle of a great silence, with the ocean-wide possibilities of the wilderness all around it, that is where the plans are made, the quarry gloated over, the day's sport relived, the stories told, the friendship cemented. That is where the real, big, blissful moments of the truant-time freedom are drunk into the very soul. Camper, hunter, fisherman, canoeist, all are tent-dwellers—all are campers first—all follow their chosen sport as an incident. First of all they camp out, live—really live, in the clean, wide, free sweep of an unbounded horizon, breathe an untainted air, limitless as the sky itself, and revel in a freedom that nothing else gives—a keen, stimulating, unclinging pleasure, that thrills to the bone, and then builds bone, sinew, and muscle, and makes blood, strength and fibre, builds up bodies, and repairs waste and wear of months and years of toil and worry. That is why the most famous physicians use the tent and camp life as their favorite prescription, and save many a life thereby.

Get out in the open—live in a tent and save your life—take the tonic that Nature put for you into the wind, the sky, the sunshine, the smell of the earth, the rain, the spices of the pine and hemlock odors, the salt of the sea, the ozone of the great out-of-doors, which no contrivance of man can duplicate, or even imitate.

Take it—it's yours—a king can have no more.

There's a bit of Paradise, only one mile, or five miles, or ten miles at the most, from the cramped little spot where you sit at this moment breathing an air tainted and burdened with the worries, fears, and bitternesses of the past few years. Your trials, your sorrows, disappointments, are ground into the walls around you, stamped into the floors you walk on, woven into all the too-familiar things you see every day.

Run away to this bit of Paradise, pitch your tent there—and live. The soft, warm air from the woods and fields will soak into the kernels of your being, as you loaf before your tent door and watch the little forest creatures which come to the edge of the clearing to investigate your camp. A steady flow of strength, of warm, pulsing, revivifying, fluidic electrons will rise from the warm earth beneath you and give you a new vitality. You, who sleep badly now, will drowse even in the daytime. When it rains you will nestle, dry and warm, in your blankets, hearing the quick patter on your canvas walls, on the leaves outside, and feel the added freshness, the sweet, wild unrest in the air that makes you years younger as it makes the growing things younger and more vigorous and more beautiful.

And when the soft black night comes you sit outside your tent and smoke an old pipe, while the shadows melt together through the lofty arches of the trees and form a dusky, protecting curtain, which rests your eyes and brain and soul.

Then someone lights a big, yellow moon for you, and it sails grandly up the sky over the tree-tops. The little stars peep out and twinkle funny, friendly eyes at you, and all the little night noises begin soft and confidential, and whisper of a peaceful world that has been for years just waiting for you to take your proper place in it. The crickets sing, the big pines croon an anthem—away off yonder a hound dog sends a note ringing like a bell across a valley for you to hear and revel in. A night bird adds a minor note that brings up all the clean, foolish, almost painful thoughts, that you used to tingle with when you were twenty and when you knew that you would reach out next year and take your heart's desire. You are cleansed down to simple, uncomplicated manhood in an hour, and there are no problems, no questions, no doubts. You have absorbed the mighty, irresistible Peace of Outdoor, the most splendid thing in the world, and you crawl into your sleeping-bag, soft as a feather-bed, and sleep as you were meant to sleep, all in a childlike, untroubled happiness.

You don't have to shoot or fish. The camp, the tent, the big rim of the horizon, the trees, the grass, and the open air, that's all you want.

If you don't know quite what to select, write and ask us. Tell us just where you want to go and when—we will suggest a suitable and inexpensive equipment. We will tell you what clothing, what foods, what cooking utensils to take, and explain their use.

Your bit of Paradise is always within reach, if you only knew it.

The best part of it is that it is less expensive than staying at home. You can get a tent complete for \$6, and if your tastes are simple you can outfit yourself cap-a-pie with a cooking outfit and good supply for less than \$20. Or you can be as sinfully luxurious as you like. The main thing is to go—go out into the big air spaces—wrap your lungs about the life-giving gusts of sun-flavored ozone, which the sky pours down for you—drink it in through the little capillary lungs of your skin, seize on your birthright of earth contact—strip the rags of custom from your soul and take time for once to know yourself as you really are.



A SPRING RESOLVE

ONCE more I solemnly resolve to live during the coming months more as God intended man should live. I say "more" instead of "as," for the physicians tell me that I was made to "till the soil, fish in the streams, and gather game from the woods, rather than compile statistics for a living," and this I cannot now do, in justice to others. There is a happy medium, however, which can be followed, and why not resolve to attempt this?

I suppose the neighbors will think that either we are crazy or else have had a great reverse in business to see us pruning trees, raking up our own grounds, driving our own motor cars, etc.: but what of it? The same great law of action and reaction which applies to business applies equally to your life and mine. If we are to be truly efficient over a long period, we must keep on the normal line and lead an evenly balanced life, with sufficient hard, manual labor out of doors. The harder our mental work, moreover, the harder should be our manual work.

Therefore, if any of you come to Wellsley and find me dressed in old clothes, working in my garden or on the grounds of the new building, don't think I'm crazy. Just remember that I've been *preaching* all winter and have now stopped awhile to *practise*! Why don't some of you good business men do likewise; subscribe to the following resolve, and post it above your desk?

WE RESOLVE

To live during the next few months more as we were built to live;
To keep out of doors more, do more real manual labor, and see more of the children, the birds, and the flowers;

To let Harrimans and Hawleys make the money while we make that which we now have a joy to ourselves and others;

To be true men, who require lots of fresh air, sound sleep, hard exercise, and proper eating;

To realize that religion, after all, stands for a very simple thing, —namely, *conformity with the laws of God*—and with this in mind we will strive to become truly religious men.

ROGER W. BABSON.

Care to our coffin adds
A nail, no doubt;
And every grin, so merry,
Draws one out.

—John Wolcot, 1738.

SOCIETY AND OTHER NOTES

Officers of Societies are invited to make announcements here of meetings and other events of interest.

ALABAMA.

The Alabama Board of Dental Examiners meets in Tuscaloosa, Monday, June 10, 1912.—W. E. PROCTOR, *Secretary*.

ARKANSAS.

The next meeting of the State Board of Dental Examiners will be held in Little Rock, Ark., June 17th and 18th. All applicants are required to pass an examination to obtain a certificate. Examination fee \$15.—E. H. JOHNSON, D.D.S., *Secretary and Treasurer*, Citizens' Bank Bldg., Pine Bluff, Ark. The next meeting of the Arkansas State Dental Association will be held in Little Rock, at Marion Hotel, June 19-21st.—IRVIN M. STERNBERG, *Sec.*

CALIFORNIA.

The next examination by the Board of Dental Examiners of California will be held in San Francisco, beginning June 17, followed by an examination in Los Angeles, beginning June 18. Applications for the San Francisco examinations to be filed June 7th, those for Los Angeles June 18th.—C. A. HERRICK, *Secretary*.

COLORADO.

The 26th annual meeting of the Colorado State Dental Association will be held at Colorado Springs, June 20, 22nd, 1912. Dr. A. W. Starbuck, Colorado College of Dental Surgery, Denver, Colo., will have complete charge of clinics.—H. F. HOFFMAN, *President*, 324 Metropolitan Bldg., Denver, Colo. CHAS. A. MONROE, Boulder, Colo., *Secretary*.

CONNECTICUT.

Connecticut State Dental Commissioners will meet at Hartford, Conn., June 27, 28, 29, 1912, to examine applicants for a license to practise dentistry in Connecticut.—D. EVERETT TAYLOR, Willimantic, Conn., *Recorder*.

GEORGIA.

The forty-fourth annual meeting of the Georgia State Dental Society will be held at Americus, Georgia, June 11th, 12th, 13th, 1912.—M. M. FORBES, D.D.S., 810-811 Candler Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., *Secretary*.

IDAHO.

The next meeting of the Idaho State Dental Board will be held in Boise, Idaho, beginning July 1, 1912, at 9:00 A. M. at the Capitol Bldg.—ALBERT A. JESSUP, *Secretary*.

INDIANA.

The next meeting of Indiana State Board of Dental Examiners will be held in the State House, Indianapolis, June 10th-15th, 1912. No other meeting until January, 1913.—F. R. HENSHAW, 508 K. of P. Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind., *Secretary*.

MAINE.

The forty-seventh annual meeting of the Maine Dental Society will be held at the Newport House, Bar Harbor, Me., June 26-28th, 1912.—I. E. PENDLETON, D.M.D., *Secretary*.

MICHIGAN.

The next regular meeting of the Michigan State Board of Dental Examiners will be held at the Dental College, Ann Arbor, commencing Monday, June 17, at 8 A. M., and continuing through the 22nd. For application blanks and full particulars address F. E. SHARP, *Secretary*, Port Huron, Mich.

MINNESOTA.

The twenty-ninth annual meeting of the Minnesota State Dental Association, which will be held in St. Paul, Minn., June 14, 15, 1912, promises to be the largest in the history of the organization.—BENJAMIN SANDY, 636 Syndicate Building, Minneapolis, *Secretary*.

MONTANA.

The ninth annual convention of the Montana State Dental Society will be held in Missoula, Montana, June 14th and 15th, 1912.—T. T. RIDER, *Secretary*. The Montana State Board of Dental Examiners will meet in Helena, July 8-11, 1912, for the regular annual session.—G. A. CHEVIGNY, *Secretary*.

NEW MEXICO.

The New Mexico Board of Dental Examiners will hold their next meeting in Santa Fe, commencing June 17, 1912. For application blanks and other information address M. J. MORAN, *Secretary*, Deming, N. M.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The next regular meeting of the North Carolina State Board of Dental Examiners will be held in Raleigh, N. C., July 1st, 1912. For further necessary information address DR. F. L. HUNT, Asheville, N. C., *Secretary*.

NORTH DAKOTA.

The next regular meeting of the North Dakota State Board of Dental Examiners will be held at Fargo, commencing Tuesday, July 9th, at 9 A. M., continuing through the 11th.—F. A. BRICKER, Fargo, *Secretary*.

OHIO.

The Northern Ohio Dental Association will hold its next meeting at Cedar Point, O., June 11-13, 1912.—C. D. PECK, *Secretary*.

PENNSYLVANIA.

The next regular examination of the Pennsylvania State Board of Dental Examiners will be held in Philadelphia and Pittsburg on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, June 19-22, 1912, the practical work being held on Wednesday.—ALEXANDER H. REYNOLDS, 4630 Chester Ave., Philadelphia, *Secretary*.

TEXAS.

The next meeting of the Texas State Board of Dental Examiners will be held in Houston, Texas, June 10, 1912, at 9 A. M.—J. M. MURPHY, Temple, Texas, *Secretary*.

VERMONT.

The annual meeting of the Vermont State Board of Dental Examiners for the examination of candidates for the practice of dentistry, will be held at the State House, Montpelier, July 1, 2 and 3, commencing at 2 o'clock P. M., July 1.—GEORGE F. CHENEY, St. Johnsbury, Vermont, *Secretary*.

WEST VIRGINIA.

The West Virginia State Board of Dental Examiners will hold their regular examination in Wheeling, W. Va., June 12-14, 1912.—J. FLEETWOOD BUTTS, Charleston, *Secretary*.

WISCONSIN.

The Wisconsin State Board of Dental Examiners will convene in Milwaukee, Wis., at Marquette University, on Monday, June 24, 1912, at 9 A. M., for examination of applicants to practise in Milwaukee.—W. T. HARDY, 422 Jefferson St., Milwaukee, *Secretary*.

WYOMING.

The Wyoming State Board of Dental Examiners will meet for the examination of applicants at the State Capitol, Cheyenne, Wyo., on the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd days of July, 1912. All applications must be complete and in the hands of the secretary fifteen days prior to the time set by the board for examination to begin.—PETER APPEL, JR., *Secretary*.

ATTENTION, MEMBERS OF THE DENTAL PROFESSION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

The Fifteenth International Congress of Hygiene and Demography is to be held in Washington, D. C., September 23-28, 1912, under the auspices of the United States Government.

This is the most important meeting of this kind held in this country in its history, and the United States Government is acting as host to the fifteen nations that have so far signified their intention of participating in the coming congress.

This organization is the highest authority in matters of hygiene in existence to-day.

Through the courtesy of the United States Government, the dental profession of this country has received an invitation to contribute to the success of the coming congress. A place has been made for representatives of the dental profession, both upon the literary program and among the exhibitors. This is the first time that the dental profession of this country has received such recognition by the home government.

The opportunity for which we have been seeking, that is, the opportunity to show the important relation the human mouth bears to the health, strength and welfare of mankind, is now before us.

The influence of this congress is world-wide in its scope, and will be visited by thousands upon thousands of people who are interested in hygiene and the general welfare of mankind.

If American dentistry is to maintain its reputation throughout the world it behooves the members of the profession of this country to unite in a general effort to have the largest, finest and most instructive dental exhibit in the history of dentistry assembled on this occasion.

At the request of the Oral Hygiene Committee of the National Dental Association, Dr. J. W. Schereschewsky, U.S.P.H. and M.H.S., director of the exhibition, has set aside 1,000 square feet of floor and 500 square feet of wall space in the building, which is being erected for the exhibits, to be devoted for the use of the dental profession for exhibit purposes.

At the meeting of the Oral Hygiene Committee of the National Dental Association, held in Cleveland, March 23, 1912, a resolution was passed, inviting the oral hygiene committees of all state and local organizations to co-operate with it in making a success of this exhibit. Space will be assigned in such a manner that each state, city and town will receive full credit for contributions in this direction.

The Committee earnestly requests that every member of the profession who is interested in mouth hygiene and the welfare of the dental profession become actively interested in a campaign to make a success of this exhibit. The oral hygiene committees of the State Dental Societies should endeavor to place themselves in touch with local organizations in their states in an endeavor to secure aid in the way of material suitable for exhibits, and in money to defray the expenses of such an exhibit as this should be. The Committee would ask that each state and local organization make appropriations to meet the expense of collecting, mounting and displaying such material as would make a creditable exhibit.

The Committee requests that the oral hygiene committees that can or will take part in this exhibit communicate at once, or at the earliest possible moment, with Dr. W. C. Ebersole, Chairman of the Oral Hygiene Committee of the National Dental Association, 800 Schofield Building, Cleveland, Ohio, or for local information to Dr. W. Smith Frankland, The Burlington, Washington, D. C., Assistant Secretary-Treasurer of the National Mouth Hygiene Association for the District of Columbia.

The Oral Hygiene Committee of the National Dental Association instructed its

Secretary, Dr. Waldo E. Boardman, of Boston, Mass., to communicate with Dr. William H. Porter, of Boston, Mass., with a view of obtaining some idea of the dental exhibit which was shown at the International Hygiene Exhibition in Dresden, May-October, 1911. Dr. Potter's letter is given herewith, with a view of giving some idea of how to build or prepare an exhibit of this kind.

" Boston, April 13, 1912.

" DEAR DOCTOR BOARDMAN:

In regard to the Dental Exhibit at the International Hygiene Exhibition in Dresden May-October, 1911, I am obliged to rely upon my memory inasmuch as I was unable to find a catalogue of this portion of the department. There were in the exhibit as follows:

1. Large numbers of anatomical specimens. Skulls: parts of skulls with teeth in place. In this respect, it was similar to the exhibition in connection with the Fifth International Dental Congress at Berlin, 1909.
2. Orthodontia cases represented by models. Regulating apparatus.
3. Teeth representing the progress of decay from the initial softening to the large destructive cavity.
4. Charts showing the percentage of dental decay among people of various occupations and living under various conditions.
5. Charts showing the influence of food and water (hard or soft) upon the percentage of dental decay.
6. Charts giving rules for the prevention of decay.
7. School dental clinics. A description of the most important ones of Europe, with literature giving statistics and methods of work.
8. The analysis of saliva. Charts showing the method employed.

These are a few of the features. There were many more which I wish I could remember.

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM H. POTTER."

Let every member of the profession who is interested, write, offering to do his part. Do not wait for us to write to you, for we have much to do if we undertake to make a success of this work.

At the same meeting the Oral Hygiene Committee of the National Dental Association passed a resolution, inviting the dental colleges of this country to contribute to the success of the dental exhibit; and the secretaries or deans of the various colleges are requested to communicate either with Dr. W. G. Ebersole or Dr. W. Smith Frankland, indicating what aid they will give in connection with the coming exhibit. The exhibit will be so arranged that each college will be assigned space for its own exhibit.

Come to our aid, and give us your hearty support in this work.

Appealing to every member of the profession to become actively interested in this exhibit in the interest of the dental profession as a whole, we are,

Respectfully yours,

THE ORAL HYGIENE COMMITTEE OF THE NATIONAL DENTAL ASSOCIATION,
W. G. EBERSOLE,
B. HOLLY SMITH,
WALDO E. BOARDMAN,
J. V. CONZETT,
S. W. FOSTER.